

Miscellany.

It never days make one week, how many will make one strong.

No man is good unless others are made better by him.—Walter Pintor.

Miss-conversation.—Whalebone, washing powder and paint.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom; but waste of time never.

A German editor speaks of Paul Murphy as "the inventor of morphine and other medicines."

A woman let her be as good as she may, but got to get up with the life her husband makes for her.

Many come to religion for consolation who never apply it to for instruction, for justification, for salvation.

"Black as coal" is no longer a terrible simile in Australia. They have found a pure white coal deposit there.

The New Bedford Mercury has it: "Postmaster Bert is now settled over the Old South Church in Boston."

The strongest kind of a hint—a young lady asking a gentleman to see if one of her rings will go on his little finger.

There is a time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you how the walking is.

We know there have soles and tarpaulins, and now a fellow in Rhode Island advertises, "Show me this." Don't believe it.

An amateur editor in Indianapolis has made a fortune by his pen. His father died of grief after reading one of his editorials, and left him \$10,000.

"Texas, now," said little Benie, the other day, rummaging a drawer in the bureau, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

The married women of Hannibal, Missouri, have formed a "Come-home-Instead Club." It is four feet long and has a bunch at the end.

Men make us grime for the beauty of life; some cause us to be weary of its length; and industry one always render it insipid.

"Tinker, you're pig!" said a father to his little boy, "now do you know what a pig is. Young?" "Yes, pa, a pig's a hog's little boy."

The most popular way of putting in now when a fellow gets kicked, is to say that somebody's boot-heel casually walked over the seat of your pants.

Women—"Where's the baby, Mary?" "Mary—In the other room." "Go directly and see what she's doing, and tell her she must."

Count Kastner is dead. He was a terror to modest virgins, who were always swelling to pronounce his name for fear he would take them at their word.

This is the affecting epitaph on a deceased Stock Island expert's tombstone: "He's done a cutting rod, and gone to meet his God."

In Colorado, where a lady wears diamond jewelry to any extent, she is allowed to by the local guides as being well "salted."

Womans looks for a friend without impediment who will never need what he wants. We have ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends to the manner.

The Delaware Indians live in frame houses, wear satiny coats and stand-up collars, fail in business and compromise at fifty cents or the dollar, in short are growing quite civilized.

A DANESE woman who was trying to shelter himself in a doorway from the rain of shot, had the impudent satisfaction of seeing fire of his umbrella go by.

A married woman has the right to require that letters addressed to herself shall not be delivered to any one else, except by her order—so says the Postmaster General.

A German woman is credited with having raised a large family, although not out of her womb. It was her mother-in-law's family, and she did it with a bag of gunpowder placed in the cellar.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen or life's field. Help them up—put how soon upon them. We did not see the comet. We do not know the stars.

The great teams of Chicago are a success, and as they eat newspapers it don't cost much to feed them. A single copy of the Chicago Times satisfies an average William goat for twenty-four hours.

The Boston Post says: "Mr. Francis, Minister to Greece, says that Socrates' 'Mast of Athens' was a myth. Of course, every one knew that, but will our sagacious Minister tell us 'Myth'?"

An old man's advice to young men is, don't lose two girls at once. Love is a good thing, but it is like water in winter weather—it won't do to have too much heat at once.

In the family sayings of Confucius it is said: To dwell with a good man is like walking in a gentle mist; although your garments do not become suddenly wet, they are continually imbuing the moisture.

The Buffalo Commercial thinks the new management of the Tribune should look well to their work, also, ere long, under the words "Founded by Horace Greeley," will be written "Founded by Watauga Reid."

Our sole reason for pulling the Cleveland street cars, and the drivers are not allowed to swear while so doing. They are allowed a full day each week, however, to go to the woods, and let out the confined essence of unpermitted purgatory.

A usual gentleman standing over a roulette in a Cincinnati street attracted general attention by observing to his wife, "Marie, I guess I'm going to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks across my legs."

The famous-striker editor of the Titusville Press modestly remarks: "Twenty-five cents each is the price asked for California papers in town; and yet we are told that civilization advances, and that Providence tempers the stars lamb who cannot stand the wind."

The Christian Union has started a department of answers to correspondents, with this result in the case of one reader after light: "What is the star which the wise men saw in the East? a meteor phenomenon miraculously directed?" Answer: "We don't know."

An Appomattox county squire concludes the marital knot ceremony thus: "Then that the couple had joined together let us kiss and answer; but suffice little children to come unto them, to help you God." The last clause will be violated if possible.

A young lady at a recent fashionable church meeting in New York seated herself on the back of a pew for better observation, but seriously interfered the ceremony by an involuntary sneeze, and attempt to stand her head in it a few just behind.

The Open Polar Sea.

In the excitement attending the Presidential election, the circular of Dr. Petermann of Gotha, printed in the Chronicle a few days ago, has not received the attention that in a duller season would certainly have been bestowed upon it. For years past the existence of an open polar sea has been a constant subject of dispute among geographers, those who believed in it walking by faith and not by sight. Dr. Kane, the fearless American explorer, declared that there was a great sea northward, whose waters were free from ice, but his evidence was given at second hand, and was received with doubt. Later another voyager from Philadelphia, Dr. Hayes, told (in his first volume of Arctic explorations) of his discovery of an unfrozen polar sea, with no visible northern shore, which he and a single companion had reached by a sledge-journey across the ice fields, penetrating as far as Cape Constitution, in latitude 82 deg. 52 min. north, and longitude 68 west. Hayes' story was also doubted, and most of all by those who had made an especial study of the subject, though the evidence was good enough for the general public. But now we have a report which altogether corroborates the stories of Kane and Hayes. Captains Nils Johnson, a Norwegian sailor, cruising to the east of Spitzbergen on a whaling voyage, reached the land known on the maps by the appropriate title of Wischeland; which land, as Dr. Petermann says, has "for two hundred and fifty six years been danced about upon different places on the map." It was first reached by Captain Altman, a year or so before, and now the second time by Captain Johnson, who landed and narrowly explored it. Anchoring at a point 79 degrees S. latitude 30 minutes north longitude 15 minutes east longitude, he found the whole sea to south and east and northeast entirely open. He sailed along the coast for two days and a night, and only on the north coast was there any ice. Ascending a mountain from which he obtained a view over a wide circuit, he saw the ocean lying to the east northeast, as far as eye could reach, wholly destitute of ice.

These observations of Captain Johnson are of no little importance, and they lead us to hope that Hall and Pavly, who have gone out so much better fitted for Arctic exploration than the Norwegian whaler with his little twenty-six-ton yacht, may bring us back some knowledge quite worth having. Some of the most important discoveries made by Johnson relate to the flora and fauna of those far northern lands; he saw birds, seals and reindeer in abundance, but says nothing about whales. He also saw great piles of driftwood along the shores, some of them bearing twenty feet above high water mark: a careful observation of this drift would scarcely fail to enlarge materially our knowledge of the currents of the Arctic seas, a knowledge for the lack of which much effort has been wasted.—German-toe Chronicle.

Progress of the Press.

The Commission of Education appeals to its Report to Congress this year some interesting statistics of the press and its progress. In 1855 there were over 1,000 newspapers published in the United States, of which New York, with 1,35,000 inhabitants, had 135. At that time there were but fifty daily newspapers in the country. In 1729 all the colonies had but seven newspapers; in 1810, 359; in 1826, 547; in 1835, 1,000, with a total population of 13,000,000. Dr. Leber asserts that the United States even at that time [1855] furnished more papers than the 100,000,000 people in all of Europe. That is to say, 37 years ago, when Louis Philippe reigned in France, and William IV. in England. Since that day the progress of the American press has been the most astonishing feature in the history of our country. In 1840 the census returned 1,631 newspapers, with a daily issue of 195,587,673 copies. In 1850 we had 2,800 papers, and a weekly issue of 425,493,758 copies—an average of nearly 22 copies to each man, woman and child, bond and free. There were then 254 daily papers, with an average circulation of 3,200. In 1860 there were, including monthly and other periodicals, 4,651, with an annual circulation of 97,301,548 copies. In 1871 the number had grown to 5,983 in the States, and 73 in the Territories. Over 600 of them were daily. The papers of New York average highest in circulation (7,411) each issue. Massachusetts comes second. Nevada last, with an average of only 452. The average circulation of all the daily papers published in this country is 2,117; of the weekly, 1,388; monthlies, 4,061. The whole number of papers issued in 1871 in the United States and Territories, 1,439,512,113, or 1,053,000 more than in 1860. There are but 548 newspapers in the United States that print more than 5,000 copies each, and only 11 that print 100,000 copies each issue. Among political papers the Tribune takes the lead in circulation, among religious ones the Independent; and among agricultural ones, Morris' Rural New Yorker. Since March, 1858, over 1,000 new journals have been started. The largest number of titles in any State is 29, in New York being the element. Next comes Pennsylvania with 17; then Illinois with 26, and then California with 24. An average yearly circulation to each inhabitant California comes third in the list with 22; New York first, with 113, and the District of Columbia second, with 89. Illinois only averages to each inhabitant half as many papers per year as California. In Texas the average is but 7; in North Carolina 4; in Mississippi, Florida and Arkansas, 5; in West Virginia, 8; in Old Virginia, 12. In the Dominion of Canada the average is about 12 or 13. The first daily paper in the United States was the Pennsylvania Packet, subsequently called the Daily Advertiser of Philadelphia, established in 1784, and kept running till 1827. The first newspaper owned in the United States was at Boston, September 25th, 1801. It was declared contrary to law, and suppressed by the Colonial Legislature. But our number was ever printed, and the name is not given.—See Union.

Ms. Inspector Brown gets \$3,000 per year for singing in the St. Bartholomew church, New York, in the morning and afternoon, and \$1,000 for evening work at another.

Keeping the Sabbath.

Diamond City Diamond.—In the village of lived a man who had once been the Judge of the county, and well known all over it by the name of Judge —. He kept a store and a mill, and was always sure to have the best of the bargains in his shop, by which he gained an ample fortune, and some did not hesitate to call him the biggest rascal in the world. He was very conceited indeed, and used to brag of his business capacity whenever any one was near to listen. One rainy day, as quite a number were seated round the stove, he began as usual to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression:

"Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't."

"Judge," said an old man in the company, "I have cheated you more than you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you promise you won't go to law about it, nor do anything, I'll tell you, or else I won't; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear," cried half a dozen voices.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat in the bargains if you like."

"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me of?"

"I never robbed you of a wagon; I only got the best of the bargains," said the Judge.

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back."

"You never did," interrupted the crusty Judge.

"Yes I did, and interest too."

"How so?" demanded the now enraged Judge.

Going to his book and examining his log account,

"you never sold me twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it; by drawing it back and forth the end was off, and as it were I kept cutting the end off, until it was only ten feet long—just four-and-a-half feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it—and when it got so short I drew it home and worked it up into shingles, and I concluded I got the worth of my wagon back and stored away in my pocket book."

The examination of the Judge was drowned in the shout of the bystanders, and the low-drawer found the door without the promised treat.

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